

The Outsider

Falling Up

You look, two bright lights in
Her fingers crossed
You know that helicopters in her eyes
They move in heavy and hard
They want you pinned down and
They'll wander skin now
Then you'll a feel a silver pain
As they shoot those pills to tame you

Maybe they catch you
Maybe they catch you

They laid their hands on you
And they spoke their plans on you
And they whispered words with a strange tongue
While taking cash with the same gun
They speak your future
And they smell your blood rising
Got dizzy spells in the bright lit
They're rushing out of their hiding

He laid down